

ings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," and again, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love him."

Take all the jewels from the palaces and temples of earth, take all the gems from the mountains and seas, rob the sun of his brightness, the stars of their luster,—compress all into a simple jewel rare, and it will fade beside the poorest gem in the walls of the city of God. No, no! It doth not yet appear what the children of the King shall be.

Yet listen! "But we know"—no guessing, *we know* that when he shall appear we shall be like him." He "shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." And "we shall be like him." Like him! Even we! *Like him!* Fail, words! Fail, fail, poor human lips. Try not to tell what that means. But cry, cry aloud! "Wonderful! *Wonderful!* WONDERFUL!" Worthy because he made us so, to wear a crown of eternal light—LIKE HIM.

Auburn, Ill.

Home Circle.

THE HAT RACK'S COMPLAINT.

HERTHA S. CURME.

"Oh, how many troubles I do have," sighed the hat rack to the table, one day. "I am always here with my friendly arms outstretched to receive everybody's hats, if they are kind enough to let me keep them safe. Kind enough, indeed! They ought to think it a favor for me to keep their hats. But, no, indeed! I am to be shunned as if I hadn't the best intentions in the world. The mother scolds and coaxes, but how much good does it do. They say they will try to remember the next time, but they forget nearly as soon as they have said it.

"Georgie comes running home from school in the morning; I stretch out my arms as far as I can reach them, in hopes he will remember his promise, but it does no good. He runs right past me and, throwing his hat on the lounge, goes away without another thought of it. As if the lounge were a hat rack. I can't think what makes it so attractive; it hasn't any bright, shining looking glasses like I have. But I always have to stand the blame if they lose their hats. When Georgie comes to want his hat after dinner, he shouts, 'Mama, where is my hat? I put it on the hat rack, and now it is gone.' As if I had swallowed it! It makes me very indignant. Then comes a regular

search, and at last it is found on the floor, behind the lounge.

"Well, then in the evening Gertie comes home and goes to the tree with her good hat on, instead of giving it to me while she wears her sunbonnet to play in. She decides she will climb the tree. She puts her hat on a post so it won't get wet on the ground. She goes to supper, and leaves it there. That night it rains. In the morning when she hunts her hat she can't find it. She supposed of course it was on me, where she left it. When she finds it isn't, she hunts and hunts, till, looking at the clock, she finds only ten more minutes till school; she cries, as if to help matters. Her mother gives her her Sunday hat, tells her to be careful, she promises and goes. In the evening her hat goes to the lounge again. It is found behind the lounge several days later, by her mother, all covered with dust.

"Clara is older. She is twelve. After having lost one or two hats entirely, she is ready now to appreciate me. Her hat is always on one of my lower arms. Baby's hood and cape next to hers. Above hang father's and mother's.

"O, my! I haven't really commenced yet with my trials. Umbrellas are never put in their nice little corners I have so kindly provided; they always have to be left on the porch to make an ugly black stain, or on the hall rug, to spoil that.

"Well, good-by, here comes Georgie."

"Good-by," said the table.

Georgie remembered this time. That put the rack in a better humor, and it didn't tell the rest of its troubles.—*The Pansy*.

TEN MINUTES WITH THE BIBLE.

Young people, you cannot be strong, useful Christians if you neglect your Bibles. Let the sentence be taken as an axiom of the spiritual life. But profitable Bible reading means more than a hastily read verse in the morning, and a sleepily read chapter at night. Ten minutes spent with your Bibles, when your mind is fresh and free from all outside distractions, when you have risen from your knees and your heart is yet aglow with the joy of communion, are worth hours of study spent on any other book you can name.

But remember the Bible is a book, one organic unity from Genesis to Revelation, and must be studied as such. Try to divest your mind of all idea of chapters and verses, except as mere fingerposts, or milestones, to mark the way, and read as if they did not exist. Above all, do not forget that human commentaries are uninspired, but that the Holy Spirit has been given to "guide us into all truth," and that He is the Author of the Book.—*Journal and Messenger*.

TINY'S ALARM CLOCK.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her brother Kent came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.

"Oh, Kent, what is it?" she asked curiously. "Anything for me?"

"No," said Kent. "Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising;" and he untied the strings and opened the package.

"Why, it's a clock!" said Tiny disappointed. "We've got three clocks now, Kent. What made you bring another?"

Kent began winding the little clock. "You just listen," he said.

Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle! Whir-r-r! What a way for a clock to strike!

"It's an alarm clock," explained Kent, smiling at Tiny's wonder. "We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes"—for Kent was a railroad engineer.

"How very, very funny?" said Tiny, with sparkling eyes. "Goes off all itself, without any one touching it! Oh, how I wish I had one!"

"There's another funny thing about it," went on Kent. "If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it does not make any impression at all."

Tiny considered. "I wish I could have one all my own," she said again. "It must be such fun to hear it go off."

"You have one," said Kent, gravely.

"I an alarm clock?"

Kent nodded.

"Where?"

"Right in there," said Kent, with his hand over Tiny's heart.

"Well, I don't believe it ever went off," laughed Tiny.

"Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, 'Whir! Tiny, don't!' You see if it doesn't."

Tiny laughed and went back to her examples. Soon a call came from the kitchen: "Tiny, dear, I want you."

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mama," and danced out of the room, looking back to say, "It went off then, Kent, good and loud."

Kent nodded and smiled. "I thought it would," he said.

And all you little folks with alarm clocks want to be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.—*Our Young Folks*.

Don't forget the rights of others.